VOL. II. CINCINNATI, SEPTEMBER, 1864. NO. 6.

THE PELICAN.

THIS bird is found in many portions of Africa, Asia, and Southern Europe, and also in some parts of the United States.

Its color is white, with a delicate roseate tinge. It grows almost six feet long, and the expanse of its wings is about twelve feet. It is a very sociable bird. Oftentimes they fly in large bodies, sometimes forming themselves into definite shapes, sometimes spreading themselves without any order, and then gathering together in a compact mass, and frequently rising to such a hight, in spite of their size, as to be almost beyond sight. The pouch of the pelican, which you see attached to its bill, is enormously large, capable of containing two gallons of water, and is used by the bird as a basket wherein to carry the fish which it has caught. It can be contracted, when not in use, so that it is scarcely perceptible. It is rather a remarkable fact, that in the pelican, the tongue, which is so large and curiously constructed in most birds, is almost wanting, and is represented by a little fleshy knob, hardly the size of a finger-top. It always seeks the most lonely and deserted places for building its nest, which is constructed of rushes and water-grass, and is placed on the ground. It lives upon fish, which it catches as it flies along close to the surface of the water. When it catches its prey, instead of eating it immediately, it drops it into its pouch, and goes on catching more until the pouch is full, and then it flies to its nest, where it can eat at its leisure. The one we have in the picture seems to have just returned from a successful fishing excursion, for its pouch is very full; so full that you can see the fish sticking out of it. The pelican, in feeding its young, forces the fish from its pouch into their mouths, and in doing this, it presses its bill against its breast, so that its scarlet tip looks like a blood spot against the white feathers, and has given rise to the fable that the pelican feeds her young with her own blood.

When God gave the Children of Israel directions what they should eat and what they should not, He told them they must not eat the pelican, for it was an unclean bird—not fit for food. David, in one of his Psalms, likens himself to a "pelican of the wilderness," because he was so desolate and lonely. M. E. S.

FIRST SABBATH SCHOOL SCHOLAR IN AMERICA.

CHILDREN, did you ever wonder if the *first Sabbath School scholar in America* was living? Well, *he is*, and is now a hale, hearty old man. His name is N. G. B. DEXTER, and he is now living in Pawtucket, in the State of Rhode Island. He was born June 25, 1787, and was, consequently, 77 years old the 25th of last June. The *first Sabbath School* that was established in America was commenced in Pawtucket, R. I., September 15, 1799, and Mr. Dexter was the *first scholar* who went into the school. His class consisted of seven boys, all of whom, excepting himself, are now dead. He has *always* been to *some* Sabbath School ever since he first commenced going, and for the *past nineteen years* he has missed but *one* Sunday, and then he was so sick he could not leave his house. He has never used tobacco, and has *never even tasted* intoxicating liquors. He says he is almost as smart now as ever he was, and the writer of this has a letter from him, lately written, which shows that his mental and physical faculties are wonderfully preserved. Would you not like to see him, children, and have him tell you about the *first* Sabbath School ever held in our own dear country?

CASTING OUR SHADOWS.

"IF people's tempers could cast shadows, what would they be?" said Augustine, as he lay on the grass and looked at Amy's shadow on the fence.

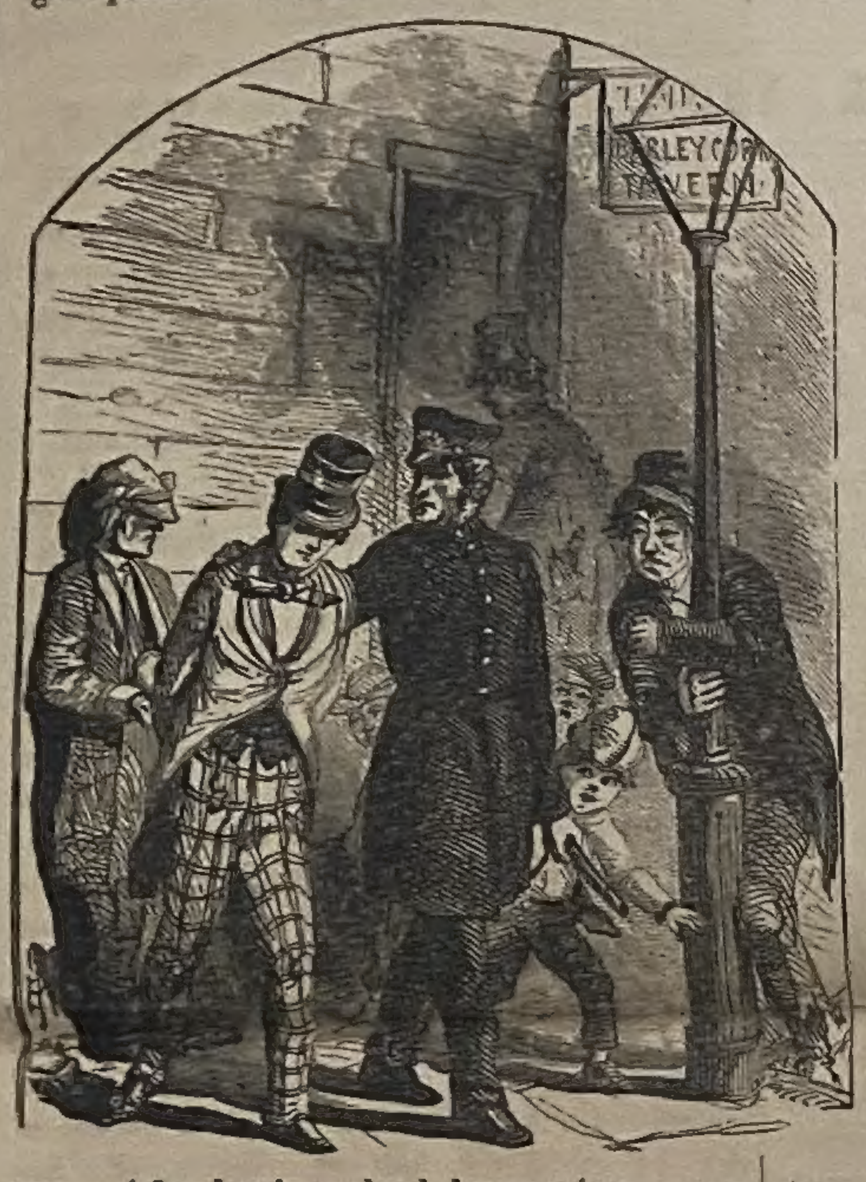
"Joe Smith's would be a fist doubled up, and Stears' a bear, for he is always growling, and sister Esther's a streak of sunshine, and cousin Julia's a sweet little dove, and mine"—here Augustine stopped.

According to Augustine, our inner selves are casting their shadows; that is, I suppose, we are throwing off impressions of what we really are all around us; and, in fact, we can no more help doing so, than we can fold up our real shadows and tuck them away in some back drawer. Suppose we follow out Augustine's idea, and ask, "And mine—what shadows would my temper cast?"

HE that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he.—Prov. xiv: 21.

THE FIRST STEP DOWNWARD.

HENRY JOHNSON was a young man of more than ordinary ability. He had received an excellent education, and when he graduated he won the highest honors of his class. He was blessed with pious parents, who strove ever to instill into his heart, by precept and example, the precious truths of the Bible. And as he grew to manhood, he gave promise of being a useful and noble young



man. After leaving school, he went into a store to learn business, and there became acquainted with other young men, clerks like himself, who cared nothing for religion or any thing that was good, but spent all their spare time at theaters, or in drinking and gambling saloons. Henry soon found out what kind of characters they bore, and resolved not to be influenced or led away by them. But, alas! for his good resolutions; by their coaxing and teasing they induced him to go with them *just once* to the theater. He consented, not because he wanted to go, but just to get rid of their continual teasing. He went once, and having gone once, and not seeing, as he considered, any great harm in it, thought he would go again; and soon it became a regular practice with him. This was but the beginning of his downward course, and it was not long before he could drink and smoke and gamble as hard as any of them. His habits of intoxication became fixed upon him, and he was discharged by his employers. He sought for another situation for some time, but as he could not furnish the proper testimonials as to his character, he was unsuccessful. He then spent nearly all of his time at the tavern, drinking and gambling. One day, while in a fit of passion, caused by the liquor he had drank, he stabbed another man with whom he was gambling, and killed him. The police were called in, and Henry was arrested and put in jail for the awful crime of murder. See how guilty and unhappy he looks as he is being carried away to jail by a policeman. See the little boys crying out after him, and the poor drunken sot hugging the lamp post for support, gazing after him with bleared eyes and bloated countenance. What a scene! Boys, would any of you wish to come to such a condition as you see poor Henry in? No, indeed; we know you would not. Beware, then, as you go through life, of taking the *first step* in *the downward path—the road to ruin.*

"SCORN TO BE A COWARD."

NOWADAYS we hear true stories of brave words, brave deeds, and brave men; and I know there is not one of you, children, but warms with enthusiasm for every hero. Some of you have a father, and some brothers, among our noble band of patriot soldiers. Ah! I see the eyes glisten now. Little hearts throb fast, and little voices say proudly, "Yes." "My papa 's gone to the war," says May; "and mine," "and mine," cry Tom and Josie. "My big brother went long ago," says little Jack, looking like a colonel, at least, himself. "Our Charley's gone," whispers Katie; "I want to see him so;" and tears in bright eyes, black and blue, show little folks give up something for the country as well as older people.

Perhaps some of you have sent no dear one from the fireside to fight for the old flag, but we all *own something* in the soldiers, because we love and honor them. Now, children, it is not enough to do this; we should be truer and braver ourselves for every true word we hear, and every brave face we see. The other day I heard a lady tell a story, a true story, too, for she was the little hero's auntie. She did not tell it to me, and I guess she did not know I heard it. I was reading when she began, and the cars rumbled so, I only half listened; but as she went on I heard every word. Soon words and letters blurred before my eyes, and the first I knew two great tears made two great blots on my paper. Here is the story; now listen.

Willie D. was very sick. His kind mother had done all she could for him, and his brother Charlie had left his snow fort and his skating to sit down at his side and comfort the little fellow; still he grew no better, but every day his hands were hotter, and his aching head was worse. At last they sent for the old physician. He came, and was so pleasant and sociable that Willie was quite ashamed of having dreaded his visit so much. He promised him a ride on his old horse, made "shadow sheep" on the wall in the firelight, and told funny things that his ticking watch said, till, altogether, you'd never have guessed he was a doctor, but for his looking at Willie's tongue a minute, and just feeling of his pulse; and that wasn't much.

Well, after a while he went away, and then it came out that he had left a large dose of oil for Willie to take, hoping it would make him well. If you ever took oil, you won't blame our little boy much because he dreaded it.

But after a little struggle to keep the cross looks and the tears away, he told his mother to bring it to him. She poured it out, and prepared it as well as she could, but it was still a pretty hard dose to manage. Willie thought so, anyway.

He'd take the glass in his hand, and then he'd set it down again. Up again he'd raise it, quite to his lips, and you'd think in another minute it would be gone, and then he'd look so sick and say "I can't."

At last a bright thought struck him. "Mother," said he, decidedly, "will you bring me my picture of Major Anderson?" His mother brought it. "Now hold it right there where I can see it," said he; "I'd scorn to be a coward with such a brave man looking at me!" And down went the medicine.

I never saw Willie, but I can think just how he looks. A brave face he has, I know; a brave boy he is, and a brave man he will be. Three cheers for Willie, say I! And let's all try to be like him.

Now, every one of you, just think! It is not only the noble soldiers of our flag who fight. Don't you know that even the smallest of you may be Christ's soldiers?

A HANDSOME SOUL.

ONE day last winter, a little boy from the South, who was on a visit to the city, was taking his first lesson in the art of "sliding down hill," when he suddenly found his feet in rather too close contact with a lady's rich silk dress. Surprised, mortified and confused, he sprang from his sled, and cap in hand, commenced an earnest apology:

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; I am very sorry."

"Never mind," exclaimed the lady, "there is no harm done, and you feel worse about it than I do."

"But, dear madam," said the boy, as his eyes filled with tears, "your dress is ruined. I thought you would be very angry with me for being careless."

"No, no," replied the lady, "better have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper."

"O, isn't she a beauty!" exclaimed the lad, as the lady passed on.

"Who? That lady?" returned his comrade. "If you call her a beauty, you shan't choose for me. Why, she is more than thirty years old, and her face is yellow and wrinkled."

"I don't care if her face is wrinkled," replied the little hero; "*her soul is handsome, anyhow.*"

A shout of laughter followed, from which the little fellow was obliged to escape. Relating the incident to his mother, he remarked: "O, mother, that lady did me good. I shall never forget; and when I am tempted to indulge my angry passions, I will think of what she said: 'Better have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper.'"

A BOY'S THOUGHT.—"Now I suppose I shall have to be very good, grandmamma, because we have got this baby; for mother won't want *her* to be naughty, and she will be if I am." So said a little fellow, looking earnestly up into his grandmother's face; and every one will allow what his grandmother says, "that it is a very good little piece of reasoning." It is well for all young folks to remember that they can not be good or naughty for *themselves* alone; they will always influence somebody or other to be like them.

The Sunday School Missionary.

CINCINNATI, SEPTEMBER, 1864.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SPEECH-MAKING—Concluded.

THEN we have *the one-idea speaker.* He has *one favorite theme* upon which he *always* speaks. It may be the necessity of coming to Christ, the wickedness of the human heart, natural depravity, or any other theme connected with religious education (but seldom if ever a *pleasing* one), and it matters not what may be the time or occasion, *that one subject* is the *only one* upon which he can speak. No matter what he *commences* on, he always *ends* on *that.* Then there is the *unfortunate speaker*, whose remarks are always applicable to *just some other* time than the one on which he is speaking. And the *funny speaker*, who seems to think that by telling stories and keeping the children in a laugh, all the time, he is doing them *real good.* True, it is very pleasant to the children, but it is like froth; when we look for the *substance* it is not there. These are but a *few* of the class of objectionable speakers with which our Sabbath Schools are *inflicted*, but enough for our purpose. In striking contrast with these we would mention *the really interesting speaker*—the one who *speaks out* what he has to say, in such a manner, too, that *all* his hearers, large and small, may *comprehend* his remarks, *take hold of* them and appropriate to themselves the *good* they contain. For a speech to be *really interesting*, two things are necessary. First, that there be *something in the speaker which can be brought out*, and second, that it be brought out in such a way that it shall be *good for something* when it is out. An eloquent, interesting speaker understands fully both of these points, and endeavors to work upon them. He never uses high-sounding words just because they are "*big;*" neither does he consider it necessary to descend, as in infant primers, to words of three letters, but always strives to convey his ideas in *simple* and *correct* language, such as is constantly used by the children, and therefore more readily understood by them. It matters not *what subject* he is speaking on, he is *always* successful in interesting and instructing his hearers. Such speakers are *very few;* would that we had more of them.

In closing, we would offer a few suggestions, not to speakers, but to *superintendents*, for through *them*, in a great measure, must the evil of the present system of *Sunday School speech-making* be remedied. First, let there be some particular Sabbath in every month set apart for addresses to be made to the school, and let it be understood that except upon some extraordinary occasion *no* speeches shall be made upon any other Sabbath. Second, if there are any speeches to be made, let them be made before the regular lessons for the day are commenced, or else give notice at the beginning of the school that remarks are to be made. This will enable the teachers to so arrange their lessons that they will not be materially interfered with, or be obliged to stop, perhaps right in the middle of a most interesting discussion or explanation. Being "fore-warned," they can be "fore-armed." Third, if possible to avoid it, *never* invite any one to address the school whom you do not *know* to be an *interesting speaker.* Fourth, request the speaker to take for the subject of his remarks *something connected with the lessons or exercises of the day.* A *good* speaker can always do this, and at the same time can introduce with good effect and to good advantage any other suitable theme he may wish to speak upon. Fifth, see that the addresses be *short* and *practical.* A *few practical* remarks, *right to the point*, will do *more good* and give *greater satisfaction* than a speech of half an hour with neither *point* or *substance.* It is *not the quantity*, but the *quality* that is wanted.

THE PLEASANT VIEW SABBATH SCHOOL.

THE Pleasant View Sabbath School is situated on the Ohio river, in Jackson county, West Virginia, about two hundred and fifty miles above Cincinnati. It was organized last March. Including visitors, it numbers about two hundred. Since the war began, and until last fall, the people of this community were without church or Sunday School privileges. During the past few months they have organized a church and Sabbath School, and lately have secured the services of a young man, who is preaching for them. Their church is neat and without a dollar of debt upon it. It holds about two hundred people, and is full each Sabbath, when the Sunday School is held, and the hour for church service arrives. The *school* seems to be *an institution of the community.* It embraces the old man of seventy, and the little child of two years. For three miles around, none are thought to be too old, and but few too young, to attend Sabbath School, and set classes or assist in teaching the children. The study of the Scriptures has begun *in earnest* in this community. A few Sabbaths ago one little girl repeated one hundred and sixty verses she had memorized during the previous week, and others recite large numbers weekly. Fishing, swimming, hunting and visiting on the Sabbath are dispensed with in this neighborhood, and the Sabbath is kept as a day for the improvement of the mind and morals of the people, and the worship of God. They have a "cabinet organ." The minister plays very well on it, and leads all the services of the school and church. The young people are improving finely in the study of music. Their singing would compare well with our city Schools, that have had years of practice. In a short time, if they continue to improve as they have done, they will outstrip the best of us. Their library consists of about five hundred volumes of well selected books, including some valuable assistants for teachers, called "The Teacher's Library." Lastly—but not least—they take *The Sunday School Missionary*, which they prize highly as an instrumentality for good in the School. It is quite an object of attraction to young and old, and is carefully read by all. A visit to this Sabbath School, and careful observation of its influence in the community, impressed us powerfully with the efficiency of this instrumentality for good. West Virginia needs many more such Sabbath Schools and churches. If they are speedily multiplied all over this new State, she will soon take a high place in the Union, and develop wealth and resources for good exceeded by few of our older States.

RELIGIOUS INTEREST IN WEST END MISSION S. S.

For the encouragement of Sabbath School teachers, permit us to mention that there has been considerable religious interest in this School for several months past.

The means which God has blest have been the study of the Bible and prayer. One day in January, at the close of the School, the Superintendent said if there were any persons present who thought they loved the Savior, and were not ashamed to own it, he wished they would stand up. One scholar and one teacher immediately arose. This was the only teacher in the School who was not a professing Christian.

The next Sabbath he made the same request, and ten scholars stood up. A few moments were then spent in prayer and all were dismissed. The next Sabbath he invited all who desired their teachers to pray for them to stand up, and thirty arose. The next Sabbath he invited those who desired to be conversed with on the subject of giving their hearts to Christ to remain, when nearly fifty accepted the invitation.

Thus the school has gone on from week to week, new cases of interest constantly appearing.

We must not forget to mention that the Pastor of the Church has always been present to aid by his counsel and prayers, and to give such instruction from time to time as seemed to be needed; and he told us the other day that he thought some forty or fifty of the scholars had already found Christ.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

By John C. Power.

WE have read and *re-read* this volume, and find it a very useful book for all those who wish to be "posted" on the subject. It should be in the hands of all ministers of the gospel, teachers and officers in the Sabbath Schools, and especially those who *talk or lecture* on the subject of Sabbath Schools. "The origin and progress of Sabbath Schools" is too little understood among us, and the information needed is not easily obtained, and when found, is too much in scraps, and can not be wholly relied upon. The author of this volume has taken great pains and incurred much expense in gathering the material for this history, from England, Scotland, Ireland, and many parts of our own country. The front pages are ornamented with a true likeness of Robt. Raikes and Wm. Fox, the two great actors in originating the cause, and plans for its extension throughout the world. We are too apt to give the entire credit of a successful cause to those who may be distinguished for their liberality in its support, and justly praised for many good deeds, while we overlook too much the more humble co-laborers who give life to the movements, and success to the work. So it is too often in the Sabbath School cause. It was a lady who first suggested the idea of a Sabbath School to Robt. Raikes, and it was a lady who first taught his school, for which he has received such a world-wide notoriety. It was a lady who taught the first Sabbath School in this country. But for this class of laborers, who are busy all the week, and more busy on the Sabbath, the work of the Sabbath School would perhaps never have begun, and we are more sure it would now stop. Yet we have not the names of those ladies, or but a few of them, enrolled among the philanthropists of the times in which they lived.

BABY LOOKING OUT FOR ME.

Two little busy hands patting on the window,
  Two laughing bright eyes looking out at me;
Two rosy-red cheeks dented with a dimple;
  Mother-bird is coming; baby, do you see?

Down by the lilac-bush, something white and azure,
  Saw I in the window as I passed the tree;
Well I knew the apron and shoulder knots of ribbons.
  All belonged to baby, looking out for me.

Talking low and tenderly
  To myself, as mothers will,
Spoke I softly, "God in Heaven,
  Keep my darling free from ill.
Worldly gear and worldly honors
  Ask I not for her from Thee;
But from want, and sin, and sorrow,
  Keep her ever pure and free."

* * * * *

Two little waxen hands,
  Folded soft and silently;
Two little curtained eyes
  Looking out no more for me;
Two little snowy cheeks,
  Dimple-dented never more;
Two little trodden shoes,
  That will never touch the floor;
Shoulder-ribbon softly twisted,
  Apron folded, clean and white;
These are left me, and these only,
  Of the childish presence bright.

Thus He sent an answer to my earnest praying,
  Thus He keeps my darling free from earthly stain,
Thus he folds the pet lamb safe from earthly straying;
  But I miss her sadly by the window pane,
Till I look above it; then, with purer vision,
  Sad, I weep no longer the lilac-bush to pass,
For I see an angel, pure and white and sinless,
  Walking with the harpers by the sea of Glass.

Two little snowy wings
  Softly flutter to and fro,
Two tiny childish hands
  Beckon still to me below;
Two tender angel eyes
  Watch me ever earnestly
Through the loop-holes of the stars;
  Baby's looking out for me.

HARVEST FIELDS OF TIME.

Reader, you and I are gleaners
  In the harvest field of Time;
Day by day the grain is ripening
  For a sunnier clime.

Whether in the early morning,
  Going forth with busy feet,
Or, as weary laborers, resting
  'Mid the noon-day heat,—

Let us strive with cheerful spirits
  Each our duties to fulfill,
Till the time of harvest, subject
  To the Master's will.

Let us garner up sweet memories,
  Bound with ties of love,
Pleasant thoughts to cheer the pathway
  To our home above,—

Trusting that these precious gleanings,
  Bound with loving hand,
May in golden sheaves be gathered
  To the spirit land.

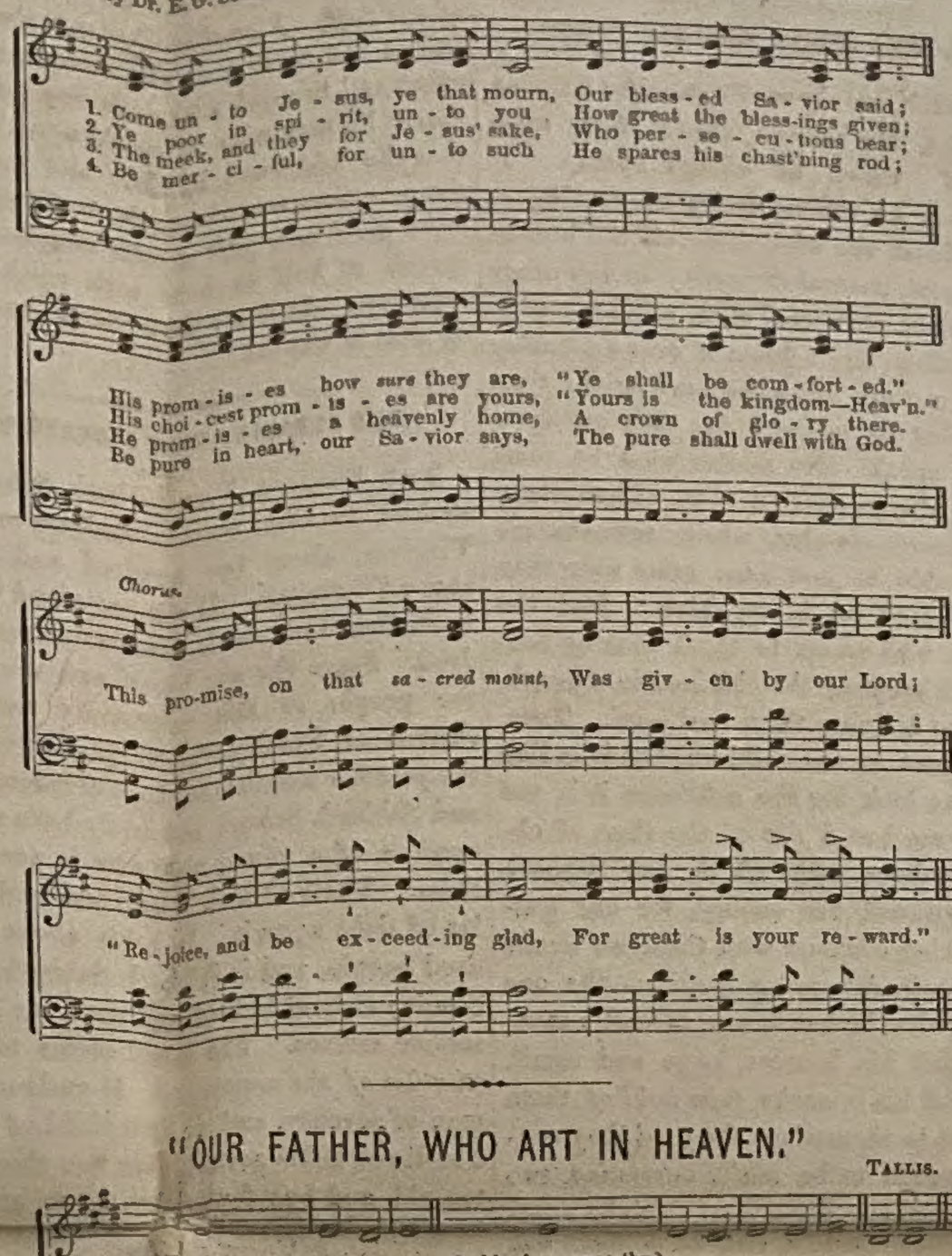
CROSSES.

If loving hearts were never lonely,
  If all they wished might always be,
Accepting what they looked for only,
  They might be glad, but not in Thee.

We need as much the cross we bear,
  As air we breathe, as light we see;
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,
  It binds us to our strength in Thee.

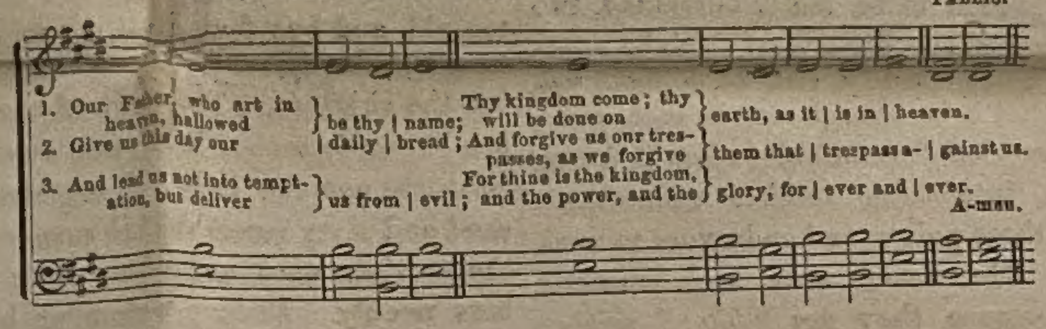
CHRIST ON THE MOUNT.

Words by Dr. E. O. Sumner. (Matt. v.) Music by Philip Phillips.


1. Come un - to Je - sus, ye that mourn, Our bless - ed Sa - vior said;
2. Ye poor in spi - rit, un - to you How great the bless-ings given;
3. The meek, and they for Je - sus' sake, Who per - se - cu - tions bear;
4. Be mer - ci - ful, for un - to such He spares his chast'ning rod;
His prom - is - es how sure they are, "Ye shall be com - fort - ed."
His choi - cest prom - is - es are yours, "Yours is the kingdom—Heav'n."
He prom - is - es a heavenly home, A crown of glo - ry there.
Be pure in heart, our Sa - vior says, The pure shall dwell with God.
Chorus.
This pro-mise, on that sa - cred mount, Was giv - en by our Lord;
"Re - joice, and be ex - ceed - ing glad, For great is your re - ward."

"OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

Tallis.


1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed } be thy | name; Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on } earth, as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this day our } daily | bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive } them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver } us from | evil; For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the } glory, for | ever and | ever. A-men.

COINS OF ANTIOCHUS EPIPHANES.

Here are the pictures of two coins that were in circulation 175 years before Christ. That man's head is intended to represent Antiochus Epiphanes, a very foolish and wicked king.

It is said he used sometimes to go out in the streets with a crown of roses on his head, and his arm full of stones to throw at any one who looked at him.

He hated God, and tried in every way to destroy true religion. He made a law that any one found with a copy of the Bible should be put to death. But notwithstanding so many were tortured, and put to death, and sold into slavery, the Jews would not give up their religion and the Word of God.

This wicked man was finally stricken down with a most loathsome and painful disease. He then began to cry for mercy, and promised, if the Lord would spare him, to change his course. But it was too late. He had had time enough to repent, and now God would not hear him. Read the first chapter of Proverbs, from the 24th to the 31st verse. O.

The Sunday School Missionary.

The *Missionary* is published regularly on the first of every month, and is intended to supply the great and increasing demand for a Western Sabbath School paper. It fills a place not occupied by any other. It contains handsome cuts and live articles for the Sabbath School Army.

Christian friends of several denominations are united in this enterprise, and will issue it in a style equal to any other children's paper.

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